The City of Constantine.

Hutton, is a book which will be very val- | tificial straining after it, which is to be uable to the student or teacher of his- found in her latest work. tory. It is small, and so is the print, but there is an immense amount of informa- Mailly" has been dramatized, and is to be satire of certain features of modern jourtion in it and every page is worth read-

one who likes to seek out new and unexis Rome; so is Florence; but Moscow and Constantinople have the terrible beauty and grotesque barbarism of the East underlying Roman and Western civilization, and the result is a strange conglomeration of the Orient and the Occident.

Mr. Hutton takes up first the ancient trionic detail; and there are pictures on the actual, mental and moral kodak of Governor of New France, is one of the thum was the Eldorado of the west of Europe. He passes over no detail of history of costume, scenery, or personal appearrope. He passes over no detail of history or biography, but the book is largely oc- ance which can make her scenes vivid and Another brilliant chapter is that which Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.) cupied with references and explanations relating to the art and architecture of the city. In this it resembles a previous volume of the same series, "Moscow."

The history of Constantinople is one long record of barbarism, assassination, brutality, and feud. At no time has the city been thoroughly civilized. It has lacked not merely the customs and feelings which we are accustomed to consider civilized because they belong to our tradition, but the gentleness and dignity of any orderly Government, Asiatic or European. It remains a gateway of the nations, where all law is more or less insecure, yet not wholly absent. The following description of the street scenes of the city is a fair example of the style in which Mr. Hutton's book is written:

"Pera is indeed but a poor outpost of civilization. It has over it a veneer of the West. As you walk through the streets you might think yourself in an inferior Italian city; when you de-scend to Galata, down steep streets, half stallways you has through the half stairways, you pass through the gate of the Middle Ages into a town cosmopolitan seaport, crowdlike any cosmopolitan scaport, crowd-ed with sailors and travelers of all nations.

"it is the East. The hundreds of solemn figures climbing the hill to the daily afternoon prayers at the mosque of Mohammed the Conqueror; the busy market that goes on outside the walls, the stalls displaying everything that man needs to buy, the carpets, the man needs to buy, the carpets, the great earthenware vessels, marked in white wax with delicate arabesques, the fresh fruits, the strange liquors, the stranger cafes. A few yards off and you are among the streets that belong to particular trades, the workers in brass, the cobblers, the black-smiths, the horse dealers, the sellers of every conceivable object under the sun. smiths, the forse dealers, the sellers of every conceivable object under the sun, all in their windowiers shops, laugh-ing, talking, selling, with that state-ly mien which makes a ceremonial of

Among the most interesting chapters are those which deal with the architecture of the city, especially with the mosque of St. Sophia. (London: J. M.

A New Novelist.

In "The House of de Mailly," by Margaret Horton Potter, is to be found not only a new romantic and semi-dramatic novel, but the blossom and crown of this somewhat juxuriantly flowering tree so far as its American growth is concerned. Of all the numerous romantic novels deal ing with European history, and written by American authors, this is thus far the best; and the significance of its appearance is not lessened by the fact that the author is a girl of twenty, that this is her third book, and that "Uncanonized," her second piece of historical fiction, is, while quite different from this, possibly a more remarkable piece of work. That was a romance of English monarchism in the time of King John; this is a novel of the French Court in the time of Louis XV, dealing less with institutions than with

human character. Miss Potter has two salient characteristics, her dramatic instinct and her independence of judgment. In her former historical novel she showed the latter quality by presenting a view of King John wholly novel in fiction, but backed up by many historical data and bearing upon the face of it the mark of sympathetic and intuitive truthfulness. In "The House of de Mailly" she gives the reader a series of dramatic climaxes in quick succession, never allowing the interest to flag for an instant; and she flatly contradlets that tradition which has presented the French Court as the source of fine qualities of which American aristocracy could be only faint imitation, by making her heroine an American, and more of a grande dame, in the true sense of the phrase, than any of the duchesses and Kings' favorites with whom she is presently surrounded. In fact, the only time at which the hero shows himself to be slightly lacking in those graces of mind and manners which should command the admiration of the reader is the time at which he is agitated with fear lest his provincial maiden shall not appear to advantage at court. One cannot help feeling that had he been as thoroughly a gentle man as she was a lady he would have had no thought of disquiet, but rested content in the fact that in the pure-hearted, gently bred Maryland girl he had a prize which the court could not match with its best. It is a clever little touch on the part of the author, and in it she has shown once more that independence of judgment and intuitive ability to form right opinions, irrespective of traditions and convention, which it is necessary for the historical novelist, above all others, to have. The histories of dead courts are | (New York: Quali & Warner.) so warped and eaten out and in with the

such a twisted mass of falsehood. Aside from the spirit of the book, the carefulness with which it is written is admirable, all the more that the author does not let the machinery appear anywhere. Miss Potter never drags in cuscontributory to the beauty of her story. They come by the way; they are inevitable. She does not bring Claude de Mailly to America because it is necessary to her comes because he must, because it is in for him to be, with his new-born disgust with Deborah Travis because there is his way, because there is a natural affini- the change or not, he has made this book ty between them despite some apparent anything but indefinite. It is clearcut and discrepancies of temperament, and, finally, because he cannot help it. Finally, her debut at court, and all the circumstances consequent upon it, also come about in a perfectly simple and natural way. It takes genius to be dramaticalmost melodramatic-and at the same time reasonable; and if Miss Potter folsame species, the public will be justified in pronouncing her a genius. There is the more reason for supposing something of the kind when her former historical novel is compared with this one. "Uncanonized" shows a patience and depth of tions of the period, unusual in any nov-

tive seeking of dramatic effect, together "Constantinople," by William Holden with an absence of any obvious and ar-

There are few cities more fascinating to short of an agricultural report, this is sonality as if he were the favorite of the founder of Detroit. The hero is a young piored territory than Constantinopie, Par-is and London are thoroughly known; so purpose of the playwright, and "The orite typewriting machine, his pet brand his dangers; and the heroine is an English real; in fact, if there is a point at which the description of costume. She is almost but that is a good precedent. (New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.)

Recent Fiction.

"Starboard Lights," by A. B. Hawser, Master, is a collection of whimsical sketches and stories of sea life, some of them having decidedly the characteristics of sailors' "yarns." Most of them are funny, a few are weird, and one or two are pathetic. The humor is extravagant and the style is a mixture of the old salt and the trained newspaper man. "The Cheerful Derelict" is a tale of fanciful fun, worthy of Frank R. Stockton. Nothing better has come out since the adventures of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine. "A Suppressed Sea Fight" is an alleged farcical humor. "A Mystery of New York Bay" is a spook story. So is "The Pro-fessor's Manuscript." "The Little Yellow Man" is a gruesome piece of Long Island | tions. lore, and its imaginative power and sughas been found in an adventure story this Ocean" is a charming study of a tiny aquarium belonging to the author.

This unpretentious little book has betbooks of sea lore about which louder rious organs are developed. trumpets have been blown. It deserves better. A quotation from the last of the insignificant subject.

Day after day the sun glowed into the water. Soon it was so clear and flashing that the most carefully fil-tered liquid would have looked duli beside it. Then delicate tracings of green appeared on the stones and in the corners. Algae, so minute that the feathery spears could be seen only with a microscope, so dainty that they covered the peobles like velvet, were set growing through the chemistry of "One morning, on a black stone,

So tiny was it that only careful watch ing disclosed that it was a living creature. It thrust out a feeler and began to browse on the algae-a sea snail, that had been clinging unseen to one of the stones that were gathered on the beach. A few days afterward a splash of white on a flat stone thrust out a strange, beautiful bunch of feelers, which soon were working busily fanning the water and creating a little whirlpool to bring food to its mouth. It was a baby barnacle. Wonderful busy little feelers they were, too—a transpurent ocean hand, with fingers liner than a hair.

"Clearly the house was in order and wed, for companies a horibar blevels."

ready for occupants. Another bleycle ride to the beach, a few hours of "scapping" in the grasses with a shrimp net, and there came to the tank two fierce little blue crabs as big as a thumb nall, a handful of black smalls, a small mussel, and four lebies, tridescent gems of fish, gold, and green and with ordered, lined every emerald, with crimson-lined eyes. For the bottom, to glow like fire among the green plants, came fronds of bright red solieria, with round, fleshy branches—deep sea trees, that made a little ocean forest.

That was in October, and the grateful creatures have made the window beautiful. A lacework of translucent green has crept over the glass sides that get the sun. In every crevice on the bottom there lies a soft cushion of it. Over it, as cattle move over a meadow, the black sea snalls move and browse, cating a clean, straight swath as they go. They who have seen mud flats around New York at low tide, when these sea snalls cover them in thousands, probably will not think that they enrich the aquarium. But they

In the muddy shell is a creature of most complex organism. As it crawls on the side of the tank it spreads out its flat, white foot till the animal seems only a blotch on the glass. Curiously, it slides up and down, without visible effort, till it finds a feeding place. Then two feelers, like white silk floss, reach out to investigate. A long, thin grey proboscis—a tiny ele-phant's trunk—follows them with a scythe-like motion, and instantly a little circular patch is mown out of the green pasture. Let danger threaten, and the dainty machinery disap-pears, the clinging foot is drawn in, and the little fellow hurtles down to the bottom to lie, simulating a stone,

The person who, after reading this chapter, does not wish for an aquarium just like the one described, must be singularly devoid of interest in natural history.

"A State Secret" is a book of short sto prejudices of their time and the particuries by B. M. Croker. Like the other lar predilections of their authors, who works of Mrs. Croker, this book deals were generally very much on one side or with ordinary Scotch and English life, althe other, that the modern reader needs though there is a spice of the extraordibe possessed of a most shrewd knowledge nary in a ghost story entitled "An Unexof human nature to get at the truth in pected Invitation." (New York: F. M. Buckles & Co. \$1.25.)

Among the multitude of books, good, bad, and indifferent, which reach the reviewer in the course of a season, there are apt to be a few which stand out from toms and characters of the past with the crowd by reason of some distinct and the obvious intention of making them more or less impressive individuality Such a book is "The Inheritors," by Joseph Conrad and Ford M. Hueffer. It is impressive because it is original. The theme is new and it is handled in au unstory that he find an American bride; he | conventional yet not at all crude fashion The previous work of Mr. Conrad has the circumstances the most natural place | been of a kind to inspire his readers with more or less faith in him, but there was for all French ways; and he falls in love a vagueness, a lack of grip, about most of it, which was disappointing. Whether nothing else for him to do, because she the partnership into which he has entered is charming, because she is thrown in in writing this novel is responsible for

hard as Sheffield steel. The thome is all but mystical, and certainly ultra-imaginative; it possesses an element of the bizarre. The hero, who is not very heroic, is a clever young man of letters who, at the beginning of the book, is "down on his luck." He falls in with a strange young woman, who explains to lows up this success with any more of the him that she belongs to a new race called "The Inheritors"-a people who inhabit the Fourth Dimension, and are going to inherit the earth because they have no weaknesses and no emotions to prevent their carrying out the great impersonal plan of things. This girl assumes the research and a familiarity with the condi- position of the hero's sister, for her own ends, and is instrumental in starting a at enten which editionately roing not

only the reputations of several prominent men, but weakens public confidence in the systems which they represent. This is done purposely, in order that old things may be swept away and replaced by new things. It is a strangely subtle study of modern conditions, and the spirit of the progress of today. It is not likely to be a popular book; it is not exactly a great book; but fine work and original thought along important lines it certainly is. If it was the object of the authors to reach, not the millions, but a select few here and there, to set them thinking over the recondite problems with which the book

tained. Mixed with the more serious purpose of It is reported that "The House of de the novel is a good deal of keen and clever produced in the autumn. In an age which | nalism. Everybody knows the new fashhas dramatized pretty nearly everything | ion of exploiting the author and his pernot surprising; but there is one book in a hour in a new musical melange; of dethousand, perhaps, which is suited to the scribing his library, his bedroom, his fav-House of de Mailly" is such a book. It is of cigar, and explaining his views on variimpossible to avoid seeing at every turn our subjects not connected with his work. how its characters and scenes might be This fashion the authors have handled made finely effective on the stage, and skillfully and with scathing contempt, and by the parents of the hero. She is a how readily it lends itself to the player's the chapter in which this is done is one charming girl, whose combined sweetness art. The author's feeling for color and of the best in the book. The figure of and vivacity are somehow suited to her form is as fine as her feeling for his- Callan, the popular author, posed for name, Barbe. Frontenac, at the time

describes the climax of the intrigue her style seems a little labored, it is in which results in the fall of the Greenland-Mersch cabal. The absolute impersonality as circumstantial in that respect as Scott. of the Inheritors produces something the same effect as that created by the beginning of Mr. H. G. Wells' imaginative remance "The War of the Worlds." Every student of modern affairs must have wondered at one time or another whether the laws of the universe are, in the last analysis, moral or unmoral. Immoralopposed to all good-they cannot be; the thing is inconceivable. Unmoral it inevitably seems to the student at some point in his investigation they may be. It is this world-old problem with which the authors of this novel have dealt; and they have done their work well. (New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.25.)

"Bi. 1-Life," by Frank M. Chapman, is pleton & Co. \$1.50.) a new edition of a somewhat exhaustive incident of the Spanish war. "Hennery and the Cannibais" is a piece of broadly by Ernest Seton-Thompson. Mr. Thompson's work is reproduced by color-lithography from the original paintings. There are seventy-five of these illustra-

The book itself is carefully written, acgestiveness are as fine as anything that curate in every detail, and plainly the work of a writer who is in enthusiastic season. "The Curse of the Seigneur" is sympathy with his subject. Aside from another ghost story, not connected with the later chapters, in which the various the sea; and "An Eight by Thirteen birds are taken up one by one, with due reference to their appearance, habits, habitat, etc., there is an introduction explaining the general structure of the ter stuff in it than there is in most of the bird, and the purposes for which its va-

One particularly refreshing thing about the credit which belongs to all good work, this book is that it is likely to lead the and the reward which comes in doing youthful reader to study his birds alive instead of shooting them. The study of original in conception and lofty in motive; sketches, that of the aquarium, will show of ornithology, when it simply ministers and it is quite unique in its way. There the clearness and picturesque quality of to man's primitive enjoyment of slaugh- are but two characters, a man and a the author's style, which loses nothing ter, is not properly a science at all. It woman, supposed to be left the sole sureven when dealing with a comparatively is more and more becoming the habit of vivors of a deluge which overwhelms this scientists to roam afield, not for the sake | Continent even as the lost Atlantis was of shooting specimens, but in order to destroyed, leaving the new Adam and Eve observe birds and animals in their native on one of the peaks of the Rocky Mounhaunts, to make friends with them, and tains to fare as best they may. Both are learn to become so much a part of the highly educated and complex human belandscape that the feathered and furry i gs, tried friends, but not lovers; and inhabitants will carry on their small the problem of their adjustment of relahousekeeping and marketing precisely as tions, in such unprecedented surroundif no perplexing human creature were in lings, is managed skillfully and well. Of the neighborhood. It takes considerably necessity many other problems crowd upmore patience and skill to go hunting on them, some grave, others trifling; their with a camera than with a shotgun, but existence is like a new birth, in which the true lover of nature will not mind leharacters are shown in lights undreame that, (New York: D. Appleton & Co. of by their possessors. There is much

mous volume of verse, of the kind which the two people are thoroughly human "The Book of Jade" is a slender, anonywas published by the late lamented Chap- and lovable. The unar swered question times, and some of it is very good. But in the whole working out of this novel is good that the emotions of the reader \$1.25.) are rather mixed. For example, the "Prelude" is musical

as a slow, sweet Oriental song. The metre is peculiar and suited to the lazy, sensuous music of the words. Here is one verse:

Now since of all I am a little weary, And since on earth I must awhile sojourn, And since awhile must burn The censer of my long existence dreary, All things shall walk, that own my mastery In luxury.

And here is a dainty thing called simply "A Rondenu:" As shadows pass, in the misty night Over the wan and moonlit grass, So passeth our glory out of sight,

A little darkness, a little light, Sorrow and gladness, a weary mass, Glimmer and falter and pass in blight, As shadows pass.

As shadows pass.

So all our life, in waning flight Fadeth and faltereth, alast Passeth our sorrow and our delight As shadows pass.

On the other hand there are about a dozen poems in the book devoted mainly to the subject of worms, particularly the kind of worm that inhabits cemeteries. It is not a poetic subject, and the poems are, to say the least, squirmy. (New York: Doxey's: At the Sign of the Lark.)

"The Lovers of the Woods," by W. H. Boardman, is a slender book of chapters out of life in the Maine forests, and it is spicy with pine and balsam, and full of half expects to find the pages damp, as if they had been left out of doors over-

night. There are three characters in it, Hardy, the prairie-born man, who has come to the woods for health; John, the guide, and Billy, another old woodsman. It is refreshing to note that the book is not mainly taken up with killing things, but rather with the business of preserving trout and the mere delight of living in the forests and knowing woodland life. The chapter entitled "Children of the Stream" is one of the most interesting. It describes the process of stocking troutbrooks. John says:

" 'A man with a carry-can and thirty pounds of water hammerin' his back at every step needs easy gcln', and I want to look up the rhortest and easiest ways to get to the little creeks and blaze out lines for the carry men to follow. If I don't do that, they are liable to get tired and turn all the trout loose In the first stream they come to, and then rest an hour or so and come back to the hatchery lookin' just as if they loved hard work. I want 'em to follow my lines and cut a notch on a tree by the brook wherever a can has been emptied, and then when I come along I'll know they have been there."

"I see, said Hardy; 'the tree takes a receipt and holds it for you as cestuif que trust. But how many trout do you put in one stream, and why do you put them in the very small spring pounds of water hammerin' his back

out them in the very small spring

'We put 'em in the smallest livin' brooks and scatter em as much as possible, so they can hide. Each one needs a sunk leaf, or a chip, or a stone, or a twig, to hide under, just stone, or a twig, to hide under; just big enough to cover him and not attract the curiosity of an enemy-the smaller the better. You see every-body is waltin for him and lookin for him from the moment he is put out until he is killed, and he's a-goin to live anywhere from one second to ten years accordin to his luck, but the killin is sure. I never knew of a trout dyin of old age, although I've heard of it; but you hear of a good many things. His worst enemies are his own kind, his older brothers and sisters, father and mother, uncles and aumis; and that's why we put the fry in the smallest possible streams, too small to hold big trout. We put out a can of little trout last year on a shoal can of little trout last year on a shoal in the lake, and a few minutes after-ward I flycasted and caught a quarter-pounder that had fourteen of our little home-made trout inside of him.

"Then there are the kingfishers,

fishhawks, weasels, mink, muskrats, snakes, frogs, and fizards, all lookin' for him with boady eyes. He has a hard time tryin' to lead a quiet, retired life, and grow up and get fat and please a fly fisherman, and that's the reason they need to be scattered at first as much as possible, so cach little tish can have his own pet leaf or stone to live under. He'll make short trips from it to catch an insect, and then slip back to digest it. A p.ck-can load, about 5,000 fry, ought to be scuttered along sighty to a hundred and sixty rod of a very small brook."

This is an interesting book for anyone who is fend of out-of-door life, whether he knows anything about fishing or not. deals, their object has probably been at- It sounds as if the author had had a good time in writing it. (New York: McClure,

Phillips & Co.) "A Daughter of New France," by Mary Catherine Crowley, is a historical remance dealing with the adventures of the Canadian of French descent, who accompanies Cadillac and shares his plans and girl who, carried off by the Indians in her batyhood from some New England colony, has been rescued and brought up characters in the story, and the plot is full of incident and adventure. (Boston:

"Sirius," by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, is a collection of short stories in the characteristic style of the author. Some of them are better than others, and the best are very clever. "A Miniature Moloch" is one of the brightest, and is a gentle satire on the caste feeling in English society, which leads a young man with what is called good breeding who has never done anything in all his life, to hold himself far superior to all the other people who have done something, "An Artistic Nemesis" deals with a piece of snobbishness of a different kind. Most of the stories are humorous in a slightly satirical fashion; one or two are fanciful and romantic, and two or three are pathetic. Of the latter "Poor Lady Leigh" is perhaps the best. (New York: D. Ap-

Taylor, is a bit of light fiction dealing with New York society, clever in its way, and containing some good comedy situa tions and some which are not exactly society play than like a novel. It deals with the misunderstanding of a young New Yorker with his wife, the bad angel in the case being a flirtatious married woman revenging herself for the marriage of one of her victims. The plot gets into a considerably complicated snarl of misapprehension and false appearances, and it takes rather an unusual degree of ingenuity on the part of the author to straighten matters out. (Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co. \$1.25.)

"The Master Knot of Human Fate," by Ellis Meredith, is a story decidedly that is charming in the little book; the tone is throughout pure and high; and book. It out-Swinburne's Swinburne at at the end is perhaps the eleverest touch the bad is so much worse than the good theme. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co. try Library."

Miscellaneous Books.

"The Christian in Hungarian Robook devoted mainly to an analysis of Maurus Jokai's novel "Egy az Isten," translated into English under the title "There is a God" and into German under that of "The People who Love but Once," The hero of this novel is a Unitarian Christian and the heroine a young girl who has been forced into a marriage of convenience with a profligate old prince. Mr. Fretwell has given a complete resume of the plot, and has explained the relation of the novel to the life of Hungary.

To those who are at all interested in modern European literature, especially that of Eastern Europe, that half-Oriental, little known region in which the Greek Church struggles with Mohammedanism, and barbarism with civilization, this little book will be valuable. There is no author who has depicted the life of the Czech more accurately or more powerfully than Jokai, and although his work necessarily loses much in the process of translation, the aid of an interpreter so intelligent and sympathetic as Mr. Fretwell cannot fall to render this particular book fascinating to Anglo-Saxon readers. (New York: James H. West Company.

"A Landmark History of New York," by Albert Ulmann, is a book intended for young readers, and written somewhat in the style of the late lamented Jacob Abthe damp, sweet air of the woods. One bott's Rollo Books. It will be interesting, however, to some adults, on account of the information which it contains, though they may wish that they could expurgate the conversation between the youthful disciples and their instructors. The title indicates with sufficient clearness the genindicates with sufficient clearness the general subject of the work, and it is copiously illustrated with cuts made from old prints and maps of New York. There is scarcely any point, however small in the early history of New York, which does not receive attention, and there is an Immense amount of interesting and unfamiliar information to be found here, which will be valuable to teachers and others to whose interest it is to be acquainted with the history of American cities. There is some of the history of the Old World mixed with the American history in the book, and all of it is written in simple and careful language, and in memory. It is an excellent book for school and public libraries, for the use of teachers, and for an instructive gift-book for children between the ages of eight and fourteen. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.)

"Smiles and Tears From the Klondike," by Alice Rollins Crane is a collection of stories and sketches from a field as yet not thoroughly cultivated by the romance writer, for obvious reasons. With the work of Mrs. Crane herself are included several stories told by other Klondikers. Among these are William Ogilvie, Commissioner of the Yukon Territory; Capt. William Galpin, a business man of Dawson, and Mrs. Ella H. Cunningham. Some of the stories are grave, others gay, and all are full of the atmosphere of the region. (New York: Doxey's-At the Sign of the Lark.)

"Money-making Occupations for Women." by Katherine R. Kilbourn, Is a small book which, like a tadpole, is biggest at the head. In other words, the title is the best part of it. It is likely to attract some readers who are anxious to know what the industrial field for women is, but they will get very little handwaren more definite than e right and The angles has endeavthen go ahe ored to mak woman need unless she hope to sucre age-carners 000. is trained for

find that out in about a week after their debut in the industrial world. The flaw in the author's work is a somewhat too rosy optimism, When she intimates that a graduate of some school of millinery can make \$5 a day by house-to-house work in cleaning and remodeling old hats and making new ones to order, she proves that she does not know much either of millinery or feminine human nature. (Washington: The Neale Publishing Company.)

Magazines.

"Harper's" for July contains as its leading article a description of "Newport in Summer," by Eliot Gregory, with illustrations by Henry Hutt. Other descriptive articles are "Municipal Art in Paris," by Charles Mulford Robinson, and "The Buddhist Discovery of America," by John Fryer. The short stories include "A Lion in the Way," by George Hibbard; "Pawns," by E. S. Chamberlayne; "The Wisdom of the Serpent," by Duffield Osborne: "The Baby: A Chronicle of Putnam Place," by Grace Lathrop Collin; "Across the Bridges," by Mary M. Mears; "The Fourth Gentleman," a weird ghost-story by E. Duvall, and "Mahney," an East Indian tale, by W. A. Fraser, There is a paper by Alfred Ayres, entitled "A Plea for Cultivating the English Language," and one by Henry Finck on "The Scope of Modern Love." There are also poems by Annie L. Muzzey, Charlotte Elizabeth Wells, Curtis Hidden Page, Charles Henry Webb, Frances Bacon Paine, and Rosamond Marriott

"McClure's" for July prints as its leading article "Long Distance Halloon Racing," by Walter Wellman, with Illustrations by W. R. Leigh. "The Story of the Declaration of Independence" is told by Ida M. Tarbell, and "Governor Odell, of New York," is a paper by Rollo Ogden. The current chapter of the remin iscences of Clara Morris deals with 15 L. Davenport. "The Striker's Story" is another of the railroad stories of Frank H. Spearman, and is capitally litustrated by Jay Hambidge. "Hare and Tortoise" is the latest and one of the brightest of the "Emmy Lou" stories by George Madden Martin. Other features in the line of fiction are "Two of a Klad," by Ellsworth Kelley, and "With Mrs. Kenwor-"The Idle Born," by H. C. Chatfield- thy's Assistance," by Paschal H. Cog-

"Everybody's Magazine" for July has a variety of interesting things. It comedy. In fact, it reads rather like a begins with the fourth of a series of papers by Charles H. Caffin entitled "Photography as a Fine Art." "Sabe Hike?" is the terse title of a paper on the life of our soldiers in the Philippines, by Oscar King Davis. Two articles on opposite sides of the same subject are "The Truth About Christian Science," by Thomas Jay Hudson, and "Christian Science Is the Truth," by W. D. McCrackan. "The Real Abdul Hamid" is a character sketch by Eugene P. Lyle, jr. "At the Inner Gate of Tientsin" is an article by Adachi Kinnosuke. "The Old Gray Eagle" is a short story by Booth Tarkington, and "Legs" is a coyote story by Maximilian Foster. Franklin Fyles discusses the question, "Is There a Dramatic Profession?" and "What to Eat and Live Long" is an article on foods by Dr. H. W. Wiley.

Literary Notes,

Mesers. Harper & Bros. are about to publish a new novel, entitled "Heart and Soul," by the well-known author of "Espiritu Sasto," Mrs. Henrietta Dana Skinner. Mrs. Skinner is the daughter of the late Richard H. Dana, jr., who wrote "Two Years Before the Mast." She resides in Detroit, where some of the scenes of her new novel are laid. The character of the story is not altogether historical-in fact, the only actually his-toric sketch in the book is that of "Lacordaire.

The June issue of "Appletons' Town and Country Library" will be No. 300 in the collection. It is called "The Seal of Siience," by A. R. Conder. This book is a worthy romance to complete "three cen-turies" of the famous "Town and Coun-

"Adams' Commercial Geography," one of the most important books of the season, will be issued early in July. The great mance," by John Fretwell, is a little interest in commercial education, and all that concerns the industrial growth of the United States, makes this book a most timely one, While it treats the subject upon an educational basis, it will be a book of much value to the business man, the manufacturer, the farmer—in fact, to ll engaged in commerce and industry in any of their innumerable forms.

Lafcadio Hearn, author of "Shadowings," "Exotics and Retrospectives," "In Ghostly Japan," etc., has been made an onorary member of the London Japan

Pere Didon's remarkable "Life of Christ," with an introduction by Cardinal Gibbons, is to be issued in a new and more compact edition for subscription sale by the publishers, D. Appleton & Co.

Like the author of "David Harum," Mr. A. R. Conder, whose novel, "The Seal of Silence," is to be published in June by D. Appleton & Co., never saw his book. Mr. Conder, who was a young Oxford grad-unte, finished his novel in December, about a month before his death.

The ideal head reproduced on the "Truth Dexter" poster is from an original painting by Jessie Willcox Smith.

In the opinion of an astute correspon dent of "McCiure's Magazine," "Josiah Flynt's articles have done more for the improvement of municipal government than has been done by any, or perhaps

"There's a Back Bay in ev'ry town, ain't there? Semetimes it's like Fifth Av'noo up-tewn in York an' keeps its mouth shut, an' sometimes it ain't. This Back Bay here in sometimes it ain t. This Back Bay here in Boston don't shout such a — of a lot, but it shouts just enough to keep the mayor, the chief, an' the other guys a-listenin', see? The town'll never be absoloof'ly shut—dead shut, I mean eyen if the Back Bay screamed itself hoarse. You can't tell 000,000 men an' women to be good an' think they're goin' to jus' 'cause you say so. All that the Back Bay's shoutin' really does here in been the graft from gettin' too had. so. All that the back the graft from gettin' too bad, here is to keep the graft from gettin' too bad,

"The Last Lady of Mulberry," published by the Appletons, is attracting renewed such a way as to be easily retained in the attention, owing to the recent publication of the fact that the romance is founded upon a true episode of the Italian quarter in which the name of Mrs. Grover Cleveland played a conspicuous part. It seems that a sculptor in Italy, strangely unfamiliar with the faces of American notafrom a photograph of a New York con-cert hall singer, the person who sent him the picture having represented that it was a likeness of Mrs. Cleveland. The fraud as not detected until the marble arrive in New York and was taken from the custom house by a Mulberry "banker," who had been induced to pay the duty upon the representation of the trickster on this side that it was a bust of Mrs

> One of the most attractive portions of be Autobiography of a Journalist," by William James Stillman, Is that devoted to his camping experience in the Adirondacks, and the trip which Emerson, Agassiz, and others took to Ampersand Pond with Mr. Stillman as their conductor. "It may interest you to know," writes a reader of Mr. Stillman's book to the publish er of Mr. Stillman's book to the publishers, "that Ampersand Pond is still wild and beautiful, untouched by civilization. Two years ago I camped on its shores near the place where Stillman and The. Philosophers' formerly camped. Deer were still feeding there, and at night I paddled within a few feet of one. The chief difference is that the land that Stillman and his friends bought in 1857 for \$500 could not now be bought for \$100,-

CURRENT VERSE

The Miner. Break in thunder, wail of rock, At my hammer's tempest-slock; Myriad voices of the mine

Call me to its inmost shrine. Glistening spirits becken me To their symless treasury, Veined gold all burning bright, Diamond, and chrysolite.

In the mountain's gloomy breast Silence dwells and endless rest; Break a pathway, hammer mine, To the mountain's immost shrine!

Once I loved the earth so fair. Som and stars and boundless air, Childlike gayly wandering Down the flowery path of spring. But I have forgot the light In the gloom of endless night, And the forest's hymn divine

Here I came in guileless youth Eager in my search for truth, Here an answer thought to find To the doubts that rack my mind. All is silence, all is gloom

In the cloisters of the mine.

In the mountain's living tomb; Not a voice my soul to clear, Not a ray my path to cheer. Have I failed then? Does the way Lead not to the upper day? Yet I know the heaven's light Would but blind my dazzled sight.

Deeper must I break my way. There is peace critironed for aye; Cleave a pathway, hammer mine, To the mountain's inmost shrine,

What though darkness be my lot, Strike, my hammer, faller not; What though every loops be vain, Strike, my hammer; strike amain. —Henrik Ibsen.

Arlington.

No tap of down nor sound of any horn Shall call them now from this unhattled height; No more the picket dreade the traitor night, Nor would the marcher thred delay the morn. Fell some upon the field with victory torn From weakening group, and some before the

Doomed by alow fevers or the stray shot's And some old wounds through quiet years have And all are folded now so quietly

Within her breast whose glory was their From her own bloody fields, from Eles ox From the long tunuit of the land and sea-

Viers lies the stori Putomic's jourted stream, Like the surrendered sword of Memory, —Arthur Upson, in the Independent. The First Memorial Day,

Beneath an apple free too old

By many a year to yield

The soldiers dug a hasty grave
Upon the battlefield.

Ther laid within the shallow pit.

The bodies of the slain,
Their broken sabres in their hands,
And amouthed the sexth again. And smoothed the earth again. Chill autumn on the naked mound Let fall her withered leaves; Grey winter sowed his silver flakes And reaped his mony sheaves;

And May, returning to her haunts, A pail of velvet spread Of vivit emerald, soft and deep, Alove the hero-dead. The apple tree that springs before Put forth on every twig a wteath All whiteness and perfume. Its trailing branches swept the turf Still moist with morning showers, Withheld its wealth of bloom And loi the siumbers of the brave
Were garlandes, with flowers.
--Minna Irving, in New England Magazine.

The New Eve to the Old Adam. charge thee, Love, set not my aim too low: If thro' the cyling ages I have been A partner in thy ignorance and sin, So thro' the centuries that ebb and flow must, with thee, God's secrets seek to know. Whate'er the conflict I will help to win Our conquest over foes without-within-And where thou goest, beloved, I will go.

Set no dividing line between the twain

Whese aim and end are manifestly one;
Whate'er my less it cannot be thy gain,
Wedded the light and heat that make Life's sun:
Not thine the glory and not mine the shame.
We build the world together in one Name.

Annie L. Muzzey.

Chanson Breton.

Alas, my love is far away,
And there is naught can comfort me.
A gallant weed me yesterday
Beneath the shady greenwood tree.
"Fair sir." I said, "thy yows are vain,
This heart is wrung with heavy pain,
And he I love. Thou art not He."

With gands of jewels and of gold,

And robes of pearl and silver thread,
Came a great lord who would me wed,
And give me all his heart to hold. And then came Death. O Sweet and Fair!

And then came better.

Stretch forth thine arms and clasp me there Dear Death, do thou my body bear There where my love is lying cold! Only thy breast should stay her head Who never may be conforted. Resamund Marriott Watson, in Harper's Maga-

An Exhortation. Oh, do not ask that my attempt in rhyme Shall in the highest spirit of poesy lonceived be. Or that my muse with Time Shall pace it out unto eternity. But to each page thy gentle favor And read my volume to the bitter end.

Oh, ask not how to publish this I dare! If I who trill and twiffer am aware

How hard the immortal trumpet is to blow.

Thy kindly glances on my rhyming spend And try to read the volume to the end.

My passion all too precious is to find My passion all too precious is to mad A place in aught so cold as inky ode; Nor any thoughts that may appoint my mind Shall you expect released from their abode. Sans passion, feeling, thought thy way shall were These pages through unto the bitter end.

When Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, each hath A dainty morsel for the tooth of Time, And mighty music leaves the heart unmoved, Thou shall bethink thee of my votice rhyme, And half in wonder, half in pity blend Thine eyes upon these pieces- in what end?

Unheard.

All things are wrought of melody, Unheard, yet full of speaking spells; Without the rock, within the tree,

A mute symphonic sense that thrills The elent frame of mortal things; Its heart beats in the ancient hills, In every flower sings.

To harmony all growth is set-Each seed is but a music mote, From which each plant, each violet, Evolves its purple note. Compact of melody, the rose

Woos the soft wind with strain on strain Of crimson; and the hip blows Its white ours to the min. The trees are paeans; and the grass One long green fugue beneath the sun-Song is their life; and all shall pass; Shall come, when song is done

If You Would Address. Address me not where but till light I halt my cannel for the night; Where on the desert, sand-storm awa

Unsheltered from the blast I slept.

And morer swing the distint gates, Inside of which are rest and calm. And crystal springs and groves of pain.

As o'er the worn and thirty read My parient cancel on I good, We sometimes see cases or or But wastes of desert lie between,

My parched lips muchs with bitter brink; The tree beneath whose shade F4 lie Is leaflest, and its boughs are dry.

Sometimes fair cities seem to rise With minarets that pierce the skies; I urge my camel on with blows— They sink in sand from which they rose, But these white walls that now I see Mirage and mockery cannot be-

That drowns the sound of camel bells. Hunger and Thirst, what are ye now? see the palm-tree's laden bough; hear cool fountains splash inside The gates that open swing and wide-

Quite wide enough for me-and too. I think, to let my camel through.

Though still outside the gates I pled,
Address me, "Pilgrim—care of God." -Charles Henry Webb, in Harper's Magazine,

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Was Liliuokainni, Queen of the Hawaiian lai-She married John O. Dominis, a native of Boston, He died August 26, 1891.

What process is used to make oil from lard? The lard is subjected to great pressure while cold. Often resin is added us a

preservative. Who is the author of "Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small ? G. A.S. Friedrich von Logan, the quotation being from Henry W. Longfellow's trans-

In a statement of Egyptian finances I find the debt expressed in £ E, not in pounds sterling. What is meant? Egyptian pounds each equal to \$4.98% of our money.

Has the revenue stamp been taken off of money Such a provision was included in the act of March 2, 1961, but it does not go into effect until the 1st of next month.

What is the total value of the imports and exports for one year of the United states and of Great Britain?

L. B. S. The United States: Imports, \$89,941,184; exports, \$1,291,883,682. Great Britain: Imports, \$525,633,686; exports, \$354,556,594.

What is the exact distance of a pitcher's box from the home plate? Sixty and one-half feet from the corner of the home plate next the catcher's position to the nearest side of the box.

Did Cleveland in his second Administration give the American people a chance to hav bonds? If so, what was the minimum amount that could Yes: \$100,000,000 of bonds were offered in denominations of \$50 or multiples of that sum; this in January, 1896. Win wrote "Earth has no spell like love to M. W.

In scene eight, act three, of William Congreve's "The Morning Bride" is this: "Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned, nor bell a fury like a woman scorned." Your quotation is incorrect.

Will you give me some statistics of the Presby-According to the journal of the General assembly for 1990 there are 32 synods, 232 cassbyteries, 7,700 churches, 7,407 ministers, 773 emolificates, 280 Hesentlates, 28,695 elders, 2,895 descrees, 1,997,689 communicants, and 1,028,094 members of its Sunday schools.

Will you tell something about the novelist, Frances Maurice Egan? K. K. He was born at Philadelphia, May 24, 1852, graduated at La Salle College, was editor of several periodicals, became professor of English literature at the University of Notre Dame, and now is professor of English language and literature at the Catholic University. He has been a prolific writer of fiction and verse. In 1880 he married Katherine Mullen.

Are there any cuckoos in this country? If so, where are they found? D. R. J. There are many; the ellow-billed and black-billed are found from the Rocky Mountains eastward, the first named llying, too, on the Pacific Coast: then the road runner or chaparral cock of southern California and New Mexico is of the cuckoo family and the anis of Florida and Texas are taken in, also

What led to the decision to remove the maval station from Port Royal to Charleston!

One very important consideration was that in order to make the station in its older location accessible to the larger vessels of the navy at all stages of tide, a vast amount of dredging was necessary; and that there the work would have been solely for the naval yessels, no commer-cial port being reached, while at Charleson the work would serve, also, our commercial fleets.

Will you give me a few points on the "Fall of the Bastile?" By the Revolutionary year of 1789 it had become a symbol of despetism, and on July 14 it was attacked by the Paris in-surgents, who killed its governor and several officers in taking it. A few pris-oners were set free, and on the following day its destruction began. On the site there now is a bronze column to com-memorate its destruction, and anniversa-ries of the day of its fall are celebrated throughout France.

Will you give me the first two stanzas of Isaac Watt's hymn entitled "Hush, My Dear; Lie Still and Shumber?" CLARKS. Hush, dear child; lie still and slumber,

Holy angels guard thy bed; Heavenly blessings without number Gently falling on thy head. Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,

House, and home, thy friends provide, All without thy care and payment; All thy wants are well supplied. In many hymn books this second stanza s omitted. Its title is "Lullaby.

Who are the present rulers of Asia? 2. What re the exports and imports of Japan? 2. M. are the exports and imports of Japan? Afghanistan, Abdur Rahman Khan, Ameer; Annam, Than Thai, King; Baluchistan, Mir Mahmud, Khan; Bokhara, Seld Abdul Ahad, Ameer; China, Kwang Hsu, Emperor; (the Dowager Empress really dominating); India, Edward VII, Emperor; Japan, Mutsuhito, Mikado; Khiva, Seld Mahomed Rahim, Kahn; Korea, Li Hsi, Emperor; Nepal, Surendra, Bikram Shamsher Jang, Maharaja; Oman, Sevyid Feysal bin Turkee, Sultan; Persia, Bikram Shamsher Jang, Maharaja; Oman, Seyyid Feysai bin Turkee, Sultan; Persia, Muzafered Din, Shah; Russia, Nicholas II, Emperor; Sarawak, Sir Charles John-son Brooks, Raja; Siam, Khoulalongkorn, King, and Turkey, Abdul Hamid II, Sul-tan, 2 Experts, about 190,000,000 yen; imports, about 272,000,000 yen. A yen lacks but half a cent of equaling our dollar.

What is the comparative cost of aluminum and other metals in common use? 2. Has the British Government investigated, since the beginning of the Borr war, the quality of canned means previded by contractors? W. J. J. Aluminum has become cheaper for most purposes than all the common metals except zinc, lead, and iron, a factor in this situation being, since comparison is by weight, that aluminum is about a third as heavy as the others. The cost price of the metal today is close to 20 cents, the selling price about 30 cents. 2. Yes; the British Government laboratory examined tinned ments furnished by the Admiralty with a view to the detection of preservatives, and reported no other antiseptic than common salt.

intiseptic than common sait.

Will you tell me something of the electric signal system on railreads:

It is a pretty big subject to cover here, because different roads use widely different systems. Many automatic signals are worked electrically by the passing of trains, and many more are used in combination with manual signals. Thus in some systems the passing train sets the signal at "stop," and this must be lowered by a signalman, but he cannot lower it until the train has passed the next signal. Between towers there is telegraphic and sometimes telephonic next signal. Between towers there is telegraphic and sometimes telephonic connection, as well, and in the lock-and-block system the apparatus of each tower is electrically connected with the other towers. By blocks are meant those divisions of the road into which a train may not go so long as another train is on it, though this "absolute" block system is maintained less commonly than is the "permissible," by which a train may enter after a specified interval and go on with extra caution. The larger and more prosperous railroads have brought signaling to a pretty accurate science, reducing ing to a pretty accurate science, reducing much the possibilities of accident due to human fullbility. The subject is treated extensively in encyclopedaus.

he "Gadsden Purchase" was made? This treaty was negotiated for us by This treaty was negotiated for us by James Gadsden, then United States Minister to Mexico, and was in settlement of a boundary dispute. By it the boundary moved southward so as to give the United States all of Arizona south of the Gila River, we paying Mexico \$10,000,000 and securing release from responsibility for outrages by United States Indians in sections release from responsibility to cutrages by United States Indians in Mexican territory. As to the preliminary negotiations and later changes of terms very little is definitely known. The treaty was first concluded December 13, 1853; was modified December 30, in accordance with instructions from Washington; later was aftered notably as to the purchase price—by our Senate, and on June 30, 1854, was published by President Pierce. Presiwas published by President Pierce. President Santa Anna published it on July 20, and the sale proved so unpopular in Mexico as to lead up to his banishment as & traitor. William H. Emory and Jose Salazar liarregul were made commissioners to establish and survey the new line, and completed their work with commendable promptness. Not until 1856 did we take military possession of our new territory. new territory.